

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

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"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, Publishing Agent.

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,

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They may truthfully hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

THE PRO-SLAVERY PRESS IN MICHIGAN.

The anti-slavery effort now making in Michigan, has thoroughly aroused the venom of the pro-slavery press of that State. We have heretofore given our readers some specimens of the course of the Detroit press. We now give samples from papers in other parts of the state.

The (Adrian) *Advertiser*, published the following in its issue immediately subsequent to the late State Convention. We were in the City when this astonishing combination of bad Latin—barbarous English—and cotton logic, fell upon the abolitionists of Adrian. We are happy to say that when we left, they were in a full way to survive the shock! Indeed if Mr. Olmstry's "Watch Tower" is not justified by such editors, we think the abolitionists can stand them.

ECCLES III HOMINIS!

Meaning to say, "Behold these Men."

Abby Kelly—by marriage, Foster—is not included either in what we write or in the *eccles iii hominis* of the present occasion. Abby is really a "right smart" woman—we like Abby, but how sorry we are that she should have married, and thereby united the great cause in which she is engaged, with the efforts of the veriest *boozers*—foolhardy, and fool-happy analogy for man that ever was set up on a couple of legs. But all this is by a benevolent Creator. But all this that must be, will be done with His own day, and a *man* is very far from "no better" than a woman"—and, so, his mother should not forget that he is out.

But "behold these men," and when this is done, and we have behold the only man—(always admitting that Abby is decidedly the best man of the "Hominis")—connected with the popular doctrines of his abolitionism, worthy of notice, so far as we now know them, in the field of criticism—it is that man W. Lloyd Garrison. We submit them, to him, in a spirit of honest inquiry, whether or not we understand him. No, we do not so submit it; but say that he holds to the world that he, *"has a connection with slavery,"* that he abhors and detests it as a multi-narious iniquity, in all its serpentine ramifications, as he abhors and detests the blackest issues of hell; that he has washed his hands of the indolent slimes of this *Breton terror*, and gives up all to the Devil. We submit also, that he says that, by his super-illuminated acumen, he has discovered that the Federal Constitution of this Nation is "a league with the devil, or hell;" that the American Nation is, not only depraved, but is dying of congestion of iniquity *to all her vital functions;* that the Church is the super-profligate mother of abominations; that he exercises in the former, the delective franchise, or he sings a hymn in the latter, is an hypocrite, *requiesces;* that the Senate and Congress of the United States are the *Herod* and the *Pilot* who condemn the eternal interest of humanity; and that the State and the Church of Christ are the two thieves between whom Truth is daily crucified. These declarations are made by him with such an intense domination of every principle, by which he guides the conduct of all his acts, that are actuated, as to incline the mind of an astute observer to entertain the idea that he had, in his opinion, just dropped from the sphere of purity and blissfulness, and, by inhaling the polluted moral atmosphere of earth, was thrown into agonizing convulsions. But what is the truth touching this self-appointed purifier of the public morals?

This notorious Garrison resides in Boston Mass.; there he publishes a paper, *Anti-Slavery* in sentiment, but in fact, it is a medium of abuse and insult to all good and wise men. By this publication, he sucks his chief substance out of those who patronize him in that State.

Now Massachusetts is not an agricultural territory. Her hills and mountains are too precipitous, barren and rocky; her valleys too narrow and rugged; and the whole forest of that State are too thick and impenetrable for the manufacture of cotton, and her general commerce, she has become strong and *magnates* mighty.

But mark! From whence do these spindles and her looms find employment—from whence is the cotton derived which stocks and keeps them in motion? It is from the South—from Slave Labor!!! The Slave produces this Cotton. Shall we not be warranted in saying that every time which this man Garrison receives a Massachusetts cotton morsel, as well as each donation which he, or his "stand-by," receives from this source, is fraught with the heart-throbs—the soul-piercing groans and "bloody sweat" of the avowed tortured slave? One, at least, of his "*decoy-lights*" has confessed to us, that those who use products of slave labor in practices of *slavery*, and the *abolition*, yet come to us to eat, each night, they are calmly inclined, thank God that "they are not other men." Each hour that those precious purifiers of the public morals, roll the projects of slave labor, "as a sweet morsel under their tongue," and smacking their lips, say:

"Sweet waters are indeed sweet!"

That they have given up all for the freedom of the slave, and at the same time, they cheerfully purchase or beg millions of dollars of the products of slave labor, disregarding the fact that, by so doing, they are the veriest oppressors of the African under Heaven—aye, as "the wolf gave up the chicken for the lamb" so do they go forth in the land, "seeking whom they may devour" by the vilest cast, abuse, insult and hypocrisy, known to man. Yes, more; we charge Mr. Garrison, to a right, with the greatest sin that he has committed, indeed, to be committed on the ground of incurable insanity! He is guilty of treason to his Government, and foul blasphemery to religion and to the Church. Why then is such a sinner tolerated by honorable men? The lawless, ferocious villainous rowdy is punished by law; the pitiful "Jimmy Twitcher," who robs the fowl roost, and sucks the eggs of his neighbors hen-roosts, is scouted and condemned; and shall it be said that he who shoulders the living and the dead—tramples beneath his feet the flag of his country—curses, and bids defiance to the laws of all religious and political society, shall go forth in the land, and be smilingly, fondly, hypocritically and carcass? God forbid.

Man should be held amenable to the laws of the land and society; men should be required, in the exercise of civil liberty, not to outrage honor, truth, and all the holy principles which raise man in the scale of being.

And when treason and infidelity of the most palpable character is characteristic of a man—when he turns the Sabbath, to a day for insults and rebellion against the well established laws of his country and his God—makes it all occasion for

the incitement of the worst passions of the human breast—and then attempts a justification of his conduct by a mad cry for human liberty—which are his fair deserts? We leave the answer to the honorable and good in society, and trust that they may hereafter exercise the proper rebuke of conduct so deeply lamentable, and at variance with all law and social order.

From the (Adrian) *Advertiser*.

GARRISONIA.

The State Abolition, Peace, etc., etc., Garrison Convocation was held in this town on Saturday. We do not learn that they burned any Bibles, hung any of the Clergy, or liberated any Slaves. We believe also, that Mr. Garrison did not get his nose pulled for the abuse of Ministers, as he did at Cleveland. We have no proof of this, willing to make it dirty a job.

Of all the scandals that ever infested society, Garrison is a representative of the most inconsistent, and most monstrous. The only real evidence of the *Church* is destruction with Slavery, but it is destroyed by its own efforts. This would be the last straw if he would not actually grieve at the dead loss of so much earthly happiness.

The northern portion of the Methodist

Church, has given within a few years, a more notable proof of devotion to anti-slavery principles, than we ever remember to have been given by abolitionists.

America, Mr. Garrison was either wilfully or naturally a mere cipher. In his speech he referred to his grand point, which it proven, or assumed, gave weight to his sentiments, and rendered his position unassimilable, viz: that "Slavery was *per se* an unnatural, and therefore vicious institution." This he would not attempt to prove to the existing public topics of the day. He was therefore with surprise, that this announcement was made on Saturday, that this celebrated Anti-Slavery, Woman's Rights advocate with a little head, from which good seems to have scorched the hair, round nose, and florid complexion. His temperament is ardent, and his mental activity great; but his capacity small. As a man he ranks lower in reasoning power than Abby Foster, but in reputation stands higher, because he makes a more imposing appearance, and speaks louder. He tells the truth, either because he loves it, or because it will gratify his feelings, we know not which. He rates the *Church* because of its connection with Slavery, but it is destroyed by its own efforts.

He would be the last man to tell of it, if he would not actually grieve at the dead loss of so much earthly happiness.

The *Church* came forward to speak, curiosity had led and face are noble and striking. When Liberia came forward, to speak, curiosity had been satisfied, and the audience was pleased.

She pointed eyes bold, smiling, and at least a half dozen fingers interlaced, explained.

Her Quaker style of dress was a matter of novelty. Her mild and amiable looking husband was on the stand beside her. His head and face are noble and striking. When Liberia came forward, to speak, curiosity had been satisfied, and the audience was pleased.

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